He Was Always Mylimasis

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He Was Always Mylimasis

by DoIAfraidYou

Summary

> “Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns.”
>
> -‘Lolita’ by Vladimir Nabokov
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>
> Hannibal thought he knew art. Operas, art museums, but oh no. It turns out art was a fifteen-year-old boy at a gas station with a love for dogs and an intolerable mother.

Notes

> A Note/Warning From The Author:
>
> First off I’d like to remind everyone that this is a fictional story. Which means I do not actually condone adults taking advantage of anyone whose underage. (Depending on the age of consent in their state or country, but that also varies and the age of consent in Maryland is 16 but I think the other has to be at least within the same age range, maybe 2 or 3 years older at least, but Hannibal is in the 40’s-50’s range in this story sooooo.)
>
> And since this story is based on Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov, there’s obviously gonna be sexual abuse and manipulation, it’s obviously flawed on soooo many levels. (But since the whole story will be told from Hannibal’s POV, he sees their relationship as “romantic”) So if you don’t like this, I completely understand, it’s no problem. But remember: IF YOU DON’T LIKE IT, DON’T. READ. IT. Don’t tell me you hate it yet continue to read it, just stop reading it.
>
> This is a fucked up story, inspired from a fucked up (but good) book, starring a fucked up, problematic, toxic as hell ship (my new OTP, and yes I’m aware of how problematic it is, I think most Hannigram shippers are perfectly aware of how problematic they are) as Humbert Humbert and Lolita. If you hate it, okay, I’m not forcing you to read it. But for those who wish to read my little slice of fucked up, enjoy, and I’ll update as often as I can. <3<3<3.

Chapter 1

Hannibal Lecter thought he knew art. Operas, art museums, but oh no. It turns out art was a fifteen-year-old boy at a gas station with a love for dogs and an intolerable mother.

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If he hadn't been invited to speak at a psychology conference in New Orleans, Hannibal would have never met *Mylimasis*. On his way back from the conference, he stopped to get gas and while filling the tank; he looked up and spotted perfection.

Perfection stood at five foot eight, no older than fifteen, wearing faded cutoffs, ratty converse, and a Deftones shirt that was two sizes too big. Hannibal's eyes fell to the long legs, picturing how lovely they would look wrapped around his waist or put up on his shoulders. Spotting a dog, perfection jogged over, his dark curls bouncing as he reached the pooch and its owner.

What a lovely smile, Hannibal thought as the boy asked the owner if he could pet the dog. He smiled as perfection petted and cooed at the mutt while it ate it all up. He was so distracted by him; he failed to realize perfection was looking right at him.

Hannibal felt all the air leave his body when perfection turned his lovely smile on him, fading as soon as he heard a woman calling his name. A woman came out of the station, digging through her purse before calling for him again. Perfection, *William*, stood up and went over to his mother, and everyone at the station could hear her whining.

"I told you to stay in there with me, and how many times have I told you not talk to strangers?"

"Mother, I was only petting their dog-"

"Well that's exactly how they'll get you. They'll use a mutt and then they'll find your body in a ditch. I swear I can't take you anywhere, get in the car right now."

Hannibal pressed his lips into a thin line at the mother's words. Mother and son argued until one strap of her fake designer bag slipped from her hand, causing the contents to spill onto the concrete.

Annoyed, the mother got down on her knees to get it, and snapped at perfection when he tried to help. "Don't, just don't! Get in the car like I told you, can you do that?" Oh he can't take another second of this, he needs to make his move now.

Composing himself, Hannibal walked over, eyes drifting over to William as the teen got into the car, and slammed the door shut. Clearing his throat, Hannibal said "Here madam, let me help."

The woman looked up “Look, I don’t-” but stopped when she saw his face. She quickly smiled, unaware of the lipstick on her teeth, and said “Oh, umm...Th-Thank you.”

Forcing a smile, he squatted down to help her and she thanked him profusely. When it was done, he nodded and said “It was my pleasure, madam. Good day.”

He turned to leave, sad that he will never see William again, until she grabbed his arm. Hannibal stopped. “I-I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name.”

Rolling his eyes, he turned back to face her and smiled. “Doctor Hannibal Lecter, a pleasure to meet you.”

Her face instantly lit up at *Doctor* and she quickly stuck her hand out. “Romilda Graham, nice to meet you, Doctor Lecter. Forgive my son, he’s-”

“No, no, I understand. Teenagers can be a handful.” Hannibal said, shaking her hand.

The Graham woman groaned and said “Tell me about it. He was a wonderful baby, but now he lives to drive me nuts. Do you have children, Doctor Lector?”

“No, but I am a psychiatrist. I have seen my fair share of troubled youths.”

“Really? Well, if I could afford it, I’d let you deal with him.”

Compose yourself, Hannibal. Smile. For him. So he smiled and said “Well If your son needs help, I’m sure we can come to some sort of arrangement.”

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Two months later they were married, much to the surprise of her friends and family. Hannibal would have dragged it out longer, but he grew increasingly desperate. He saw Will a lot while dating the Graham woman, and he aches to live under the same roof as him. Will protested when they announced they were moving to live with Hannibal in Baltimore, and while his mother did nothing to help, Hannibal reassured him that everything will be fine.

For their honeymoon Hannibal treated the Graham woman to a vacation in Italy while Will stayed with a friend. Hannibal tried to persuade his new wife to bring Will along, telling her that it could be good for him, but oh no. She wanted it to be just the two of them. It was the longest week of his life.

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When Hannibal pulled into the driveway of the friends house, he could hardly wait. His grip on the steering wheel had been tight the whole drive there, but his wife was oblivious. In his mind he pictured Will coming out to meet him, curls bouncing wildly as he ran and leapt into his waiting arms. Instead they got out and when he knocked on the door, a woman greeted them.

“Hey you guys! Has it been a week already? Come in, come in! Will’s in the backyard with Alana.”

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Hannibal was grateful the Graham woman didn't even bother to come greet her own son because he wasn't ready for what waited for him in the backyard. He came just in time to watch Will climb out of the pool, shirtless and in yellow trunks.

This was the first time he was seeing the teen shirtless, and it was a glorious sight. The yellow trunks hung loose around his hips, a size too big despite all the adjusting to fit his lean frame. Hannibal imagined his hands roaming every inch of soft skin. He imagined slipping one hand beneath the band of those loose trunks, wondering what beautiful sounds Will could make.

Hannibal suddenly felt his pants grow tighter, so he quickly forced Will out of his head and replaced him with the Graham woman. It worked like a charm. "Hellooo?"

Blinking, Hannibal looked at Will who just smiled at him. Hannibal asked "I'm sorry, what?"

"I said can you hand me the towel over there, please? I'd like to dry off, unless you want me to be wet."

It was easy to pick up the subtle flirtatious tone in his voice, and Hannibal almost smiled. Keeping his composure in check, the older man nodded and grabbed the towel for him. Will thanked him as he took it, deliberately brushing his thumb along the back of his stepfather's palm. The touch left a fire in its wake.

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After Will finished drying off, Hannibal helped him with his things before getting in the car. Hannibal noted from the beginning that every time they'd all be the car, Will always sat behind his stepfather.

Hannibal was the last to get in and when he did, he felt Will's knees pressing into his back through the seat. A thing he's come to love. Will, how many times do I have to tell you to keep your feet on the floor?!"

With a sigh, Will put his feet back on the floor, and Hannibal clenched his jaw. Turning to his wife, he smiled. "Darling, it's fine. I don't mind."

With a huff, she said "Fine, whatever." Before pulling her phone out. Looking at Will in the rear-view mirror, he watched as teen smiled and stuck his tongue out at her. When his eyes found Hannibal's, his stepfather winked and smiled.

Chapter 2

Hannibal continued to see his patients and despite the Graham woman's requests, he doesn't want Will to be one of them. Never him. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized it could bring them closer. He would see Will more often, he can confide in his stepfather, and it would further ease his way.

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"Mother, for the hundredth time, I don't need a shrink!" Will said one night during dinner.

The Graham woman cut another piece of her steak before saying "Yes you do and don't you raise your voice at me. I swear, you're so ungrateful, Will. Your stepfather has welcomed us into his beautiful home, he let you bring those damn dogs with us, he's put you in one of the best private schools in Baltimore, and he's willing to help you."

With a cynical laugh, Will said "Okay, so I'm ungrateful. But at least I'm not in denial about why I really married him, like you are."

"Now you listen to me, you little-"

Hannibal put a hand up, stopping her, before turning to him. "Will, listen to me." Will looked at him and the older man smiled. "I know this would be hard for you, but I don't want you to think of me as a shrink. To my other patients, I'm their shrink. But I don't want to be your shrink. Just think of me as someone who will just sit and listen. No judgement, no belittling, I will be there for you. Okay?"

The teen stared at his stepfather before looking over at his mother. Will sighed and said "Fine." Before dropping his fork onto his plate and scooting his chair back. The chair scraped back against the hardwood and Will ignored his mother as she called for him. Hannibal watched as he hurried up the stairs, his succulent little bottom jiggling with every step.

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Will's first appointment came three days later after school. He saved Will for last and he couldn't be happier that this was the final session before Will's. Hannibal likes Franklyn, he really does, but sometimes he wants to drive a nail through his head.

When their session was over, Franklyn smiled and stood up. Shaking Hannibal's hand, he asked "So um, next week?" And Hannibal smiled.

"Next week." When he showed him to the door, he opened it and saw Will standing there in his school uniform. With a smile, he said "Hello Will. Please, come in."

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He watched amused as Will took his office in, saying “Wow. I think I’ve just found my future profession.”

The older man frowned. “Then you would be doing it for the wrong reasons, William. I am a psychiatrist because I wish to help people, I don’t do it for the money.”

“I know, I know, chill out. It’s just...I’m not used to money. We barely had any before you, so...Sorry.”

Hannibal shook his head. “Nothing to be sorry about, Will. Please, sit down.”

The teen sat down in the chair in front of Hannibal’s and the older man grabbed his notebook and a pen before joining him. Opening to a fresh sheet, Hannibal looked up and smiled. “So. Tell me about your day.”

Will crossed his arms over his chest and said “I don’t think I’m actually in need of a psychiatrist. I don’t have a mental illness.”

“I know that, Will. But that doesn’t I still can’t be here for you. All your mother and I want is for you to be happy and healthy.”

The teen chuckled and said “Maybe that’s what you want, but you and I both know what my mother really wants. Maybe the shrink needs a shrink himself because you would have to be insane to want to marry someone like her.”

“Perhaps I am.” The older man said with a small smile. “But this isn’t about me, Will. This is about you. Tell me about school. Are you adjusting well?”

Will stared at him for a moment before looking away. “Not really.”

“Tell me about it.”

“I’ve had some kids pick on me. I had one guy knock my books from my hands, another tried to trip me. Oh and today one called me a faggot and pushed me into a wall, so there’s also that.”

Hannibal clutched his pen tighter and shook his head. “Kids can be so cruel.”

Will nodded and said “Tell me about it. I think one reason they hate me is because I’m apparently rude, but...The only friend I have there so far is Alana.”

“The girl you were staying with?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell me about her.”

“My first day there she saw me sitting by myself at lunch, and she sat down across from me. She’s really nice.”

Hannibal smiled, but he could feel jealousy blossoming inside of him. “Do you like her?”

Will looked up and studied his stepfather. He shook his head and said “I like her as a friend, and I told her that um...That I’m not into girls.”

The jealously faded and Hannibal nodded. “That’s fine, that is perfectly fine, Will. You have nothing to be ashamed of. How did she react when you told her? Did she seem disappointed?”

“I don’t know, maybe. But she said it was fine, and that she’d still be my friend either way. Why, are you happy that I don’t like girls?”

Yes. Hannibal cleared his throat and said “Will, I am not only a doctor, I am also your stepfather. My focus is on your wellbeing, not your sexuality.”

He could tell Will didn’t believe a word of that, and the teen smiled. Nodding, he said “Yeah, okay.”

Before Hannibal could ask another question, Will cut in. “But do you wanna know what’s really bothering me, Doctor Lecter?”

That was the first time Will had been that formal with him, but he nodded asked “Of course. What is it?”

The teen leaned forward in his seat and said “When you told me you got me into my school, I wanted to punch you. Right in the face.”

“Why?”

“Because I didn’t earn it. If I wanted to get into a private school, I wanted to earn my right to be there. And I’m guessing there aren’t too many kids who get into private schools on scholarship, it’s always the rich kids whose daddies got them in. And that’s exactly what you did. I didn’t earn it, my *daddy* got me in.”

The way Will said *daddy* sent chills down the older man’s spine. And would like to hear it every day for the rest of his life, but for now, he kept his composure in check. Leaning forward, he said “I am sorry if I offended you, Will, that was not my intention. I got the records from your school in New Orleans, and you were at the top of your class.

In my eyes you should have been in a private school a long time ago, but sadly you were stuck in public school. Before bringing you and your mother here, I thought putting you in a private school would be best for you, because you are worthy of it. And as for the rich kids and their daddies, well...I’m guessing most of them would pay their way to grades like yours, one way or another. But you are different. You are an exceptionally bright young man, Will. And it would be a shame for your talent to go to waste, and no one can tell me otherwise.”

Chapter 3

The look on Will's face when he told Will how special he was, how he earned his way among them, still haunted him. It's like he's not used to praise, and it infuriated him. There were times when he'd be sleeping or sitting next to the Graham woman and he just wants to just hit her. He wants to hit her and anyone else who's ever made Will feel like he's not good enough. He also wants to wrap Will up in his arms and take him away from it all.

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One night at home, Will had gone to bed and soon his mother followed. But before that she stood in the doorway of Hannibal's home office and asked "Are you coming to bed?"

Hannibal looked up from his laptop and said "Soon. I'm just finishing up some things." He made himself smile at her though he would rather slam his head on the desk.

She smiled and said "Okay, don't take too long." Before going down the hall. Hannibal went back to his work and after an hour, he was finished. Sighing, he shut his laptop and rubbed his eyes. Now he has to change and get in bed next to her. Great.

Suddenly he got an idea and raised his head. His bedroom was close, but Will's was closer. Hannibal kept quiet as he stood up and left the room, leaving the door cracked. Luckily he took his shoes off a long time ago. He snuck over towards his stepsons room and slowly opened the door.

The room was completely dark save for the light coming from his office. Will was lying on his side, back facing to Hannibal as the older man came up to the bed. He reached out and ghosted a hand over his curls, so soft under rough fingers. He took a risk and leaned down to press his nose against them, inhaling deep. *Lovely. So lovely.*

Will shifted a little and Hannibal pulled away, but the teen didn't wake. With a sigh, Hannibal continued to pet his hair, moving down to stroke his cheek. Beautiful. His mind told him to leave after that, but he couldn't. There was one last thing to be done before he could rest.

Leaning down, he put his lips inches from Will's ear and whispered. "No matter what the world says or thinks, I will *always* think you are good enough. Sleep well. *Mylimasis*." Placing a soft kiss on Will's cheek, the older man stood up straight and left.

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Hannibal watched as Will crossed one leg over the other, ankle resting on his thigh. "So...What would you like to talk about today, Will?"

The teen shrugged. "I don't know."

"Okay. Would you like to talk about your mother?"

With a rather dramatic sigh, Will gripped the arms of his chair. “My mother...My mother, yes, let’s talk about my mother...But where to start...Okay. First off, she’s the most superficial person I’ve ever met.”

“Agreed.” The older man said with a nod.

“This doesn’t surprise you?”

Hannibal shook his head. “Not really. But she’s not the first superficial person I’ve known, and I have known many.”

Will groaned and rubbed his face. “She tries way too hard and everyone knows it. It’s so pathetic, I almost feel sorry for her. She hates everything about me. Hates way I dress, the music I like, what I read, what I watch, the way I talk and carry myself. She wants to change me into this perfect, fictional child, but...I just want to be me. I don’t want to lose who I am. I-I don’t wanna wake up one day in some random city a-and look in the mirror and not know who I am...I think that’s what scares me the most.”

His stepfather nodded and smiled. “That’s good Will, that’s very good. You are young and society likes to try to shape people your age the way your mother does, but you are not easy to shape. You are not a sheep, and that’s very good. Although I should have a talk with your mother about doing-”

“No.” Will cut in and Hannibal stopped. The teen shook his head and said “No, don’t talk to her. I don’t want her to know that we talked about her, isn’t that part of the whole Doctor-patient confidentiality thing?”

Hannibal blinked and leaned back in his chair. “Okay. From now on, as you’ve said, whatever happens in this room will stay in this room, unless I have no choice but to break our confidentiality. Deal?”

Will nodded, relieved, and smiled. “Deal. Thank you.”

Hannibal smiled and said “Please, continue.”

Will chuckled and said “Sometimes I want to go up to her bed while she’s sleeping and put a pillow over her head...Does that qualify as having breaking confidentiality material?”

Hannibal pretended he wasn’t picturing that scenario in his head. Even though he’s pictured it himself more than once, the thought of Will doing it felt more exciting. “That depends. Do you mean it?”

Will rolled his eyes and said “Of course I don’t mean it...My dad died when I was three and after that she stopped seeing me as her son, and I became her burden. When I was little, I tried so win her love back, but...She just wouldn’t have it. She’s never told me she loves me, or that she even likes me, but I don’t care anymore..” he stopped and looked over at the window, the light making it easy to see tears in his eyes.

“She hates my guts and I hate hers, and I know the day I leave she’ll throw a great big party...What do you see in her?” Will looked back at him and Hannibal didn’t couldn’t answer. “I’m curious. I mean, I know you don’t love her. Anyone with eyes can see that you don’t, but apparently I’m the only one who has eyes. You may have everyone else fooled, but not me. What could you possibly see in her?” Again, Hannibal said nothing.

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Later that night, Will couldn’t take his mind off of their session. Hannibal never answered his question so Will didn’t bring it up again. Every moment he spent with his stepfather, he did his best not to stare, but only when his mother wasn’t around. When he would catch Hannibal looking at him, he would look away or the older man would.

From day one he noticed the way Hannibal would look at him, but ignored it, thinking he was developing some silly schoolboy crush on his own *stepfather.* He felt sick but it never went away. Maybe he really needed help after all. While he helped set the table, Hannibal thanked him and touched his shoulder. The teen noticed the touch lasted way too long before the older man pulled back and returned to the kitchen.

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Will laid in his bed for over an hour trying to fall asleep when he heard footsteps approaching. Looking over he saw a shadow in front of his door and then someone turned the knob. He quickly feigned sleep and listened as the person opens and closed the door behind them, trying to be quiet.

A hand came to rest on his head, petting his hair with such gentleness, it didn’t feel like they were touching him at all. “*Mylimasis.*” *Hannibal?* It’s definitely Hannibal. And the way he was speaking, even though he couldn’t understand a word he was saying, it sounded...Loving?

His hand came down and stroked his cheek, cold fingers tracing along his jaw. Will shifted a little, subtlety hiding that he was leaning into his stepfathers touch, and Hannibal sighed. Leaning down the older man kissed his forehead once, twice, three times before leaving. The looks, the touches, him sneaking into his room like this, and everything else. Now he really knows. The doctor doesn’t want his mother, he wants him.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three months had gone by and things kept changing. Will has sessions with Hannibal three times a week, Always his last appointment for the day. There Will verbally let out all of his frustrations while Hannibal sat and listened. No judgements, no belittling, just as he promised.

He noted every look his stepfather gave him, doing his best to figure them out. The teen's skin would burn from his touch, his words were music to his ears. Every night or as often as he could, Hannibal would sneak into his room while Will would be "sleeping". He'd pet his hair, touch his face, whisper things in English and Lithuanian, as Will came to learn when he asked the doctor where he was from.

Mylimasis, Mylimasis, Mylimasis.

One night Hannibal even went as far as to move his hand down the teens flat stomach, slipping his hand underneath the hem of his shirt. Though it wasn't where he wanted him to be, it had been enough to set whole body on fire. It's clear to Will that he was winning the older man over without even doing anything, but his happiness was quickly shattered.

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One night they noticed that Will's mother had been in a good mood all day. There had even been a moment or two where she was actually a mother to Will. While they were eating dinner, she suddenly announced "I'm pregnant."

Hannibal and Will both stopped and looked up at the same time. She grinned and said "I took three tests this morning before work, they were all positive."

The older man smiled, whether genuine or faked, Will didn't know, but an awful feeling blossomed inside Will. Hannibal reached over and took her hand. "You're sure?"

Nodding, she giggled and said "Yes." And Will needed to get out of there.

"I think I'm gonna be sick." He quickly good up and covered his mouth, ignoring his mother and Hannibal before running to the nearest bathroom.

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The Graham woman is pregnant. Hannibal couldn't believe it. Thinking he'd be too old to have children is what kept him going when it came to sleeping with her. He's trapped.

He only smiled because even if the child is inside her, it's still his child. But when Will said "I think I'm gonna be sick." And ran out, he turned his attention back to Mylimasis.

The Graham woman whined about how Will ruined the night with his reaction, and he just wanted to tell her to *shut up.* When she stood up to go confront him, Hannibal stopped her. “Here, I’ll go talk to him. Just sit down, I’ll be right back.”

It didn’t take him long to find Will, but when he tried to open the door, it was locked. “Go away.” Will groaned before flushing the toilet.

“Will? It’s me. Are you alright?”

“Peachy. Just give me a minute, okay?”

Hannibal waited, listening while Will cleaned up and brushed his teeth. When he was done, the door opened and Will looked up at him. They stared at each other before Will wrapped his arms around the older man.

This surprised Hannibal but he quickly wrapped his own arms around Will and Will sighed. “She can’t even take care of one kid....What makes you think she’ll change for another one?” Hannibal didn’t know how to answer him, so he just kissed the top of the teen’s head and hugged him tighter.

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For almost two weeks, Will became distant. He didn’t speak to his mother unless he absolutely had to, he didn’t talk to Hannibal as much, even during their sessions. The teen would just sit in the chair and stare out the window, saying nothing no matter what Hannibal tried.

When the older man would come to him at night, Will shied away from his touches, which meant he must have known about them for some time. Hannibal felt helpless.

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That changed when Will came to his office one day after school with a fat lip. He had just sent Franklyn on his way when he saw Will. His grip tightened on the door, but he said “Will, come in.”

When Hannibal closed the door behind him, he asked “Come here. What happened?”

Will sighed and walked over to him. “Some guy at school was picking on Alana, so I stood up for her and he did this. I’m fine, it’s no big deal-”

“It is a big deal, Will. Here, I’ll take care of it the best I can.” He dragged Will over to his desk and grabbed him by his waist. Will gasped as the older man lifted him up, though it wasn’t necessary at all, and sat him down on top of it. “Stay here.” Hannibal went over to where he keeps a first aid kit before coming back over.

Will spread his legs a little when Hannibal came back, and the older man didn’t seem to notice before checking his face for additional wounds. Hannibal positioned his head a certain way before he started treating it. “Do you know the name of the boy who did it?”

Will started shaking his head until Hannibal stopped him. “Don’t move.” And Will obeyed.

“No, I don’t know his name. He’s some jock, but I never caught it.”

“But you do know what he looks like, yes?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. I would like to have a talk with that boy.”

The teen sighed and said “There’s no point-”

“There is a point, William. He was harassing your friend, he hit you, there is a point. Was he punished?”

“Yeah, a teacher stopped him before he could do anymore.”

“Good. But I am sure the punishment will be minimal, especially if his daddy could make it all go away. And he’ll do it again to you or someone else-”

“I’m fine.” the teen said, grabbing his wrist. Hannibal stopped and his eyes found Will’s. “Don’t turn into my mother, not you. Don’t treat me like a child. I can take care of myself.”

Hannibal nodded and when he finished, he set the items down and Will asked “Why didn’t you use something? When you’d...Why didn’t you use protection?”

The older man sighed. “I didn’t think it would happen, *Mylimasis.* I thought I would be too old, but now...I don’t know what to do.”

“She’s just gonna have us take care of it.” Will aid bitterly. “She did that with me. It was usually my aunt or my grandparents, or some of her friends. The only reason it stopped was because they got eventually got tired of her shit. They took care of me, she’s not gonna give that baby a damn thing unless she has to.”

“You don’t know that, things could change-”

“I know her, Hannibal. I know my mother, don’t ever tell me that I don’t know. It happened to me, and now it’s gonna happen to them.”

“Will.”

“Hey it might be easier for her now! Since she can’t turn me into perfect, fictional child she’ll try the same thing on them-”

“Will, *stop.*” He was careful with taking Will’s face in his hands, and Will stopped talking.

“I know you’re afraid, and that you’re angry. But I promise you, *Mylimasis*, everything will be fine. Okay?”

The teen nodded and if his lip wasn't busted, Hannibal would kiss him right then and there. But he smiled and kissed Will's forehead instead.

Chapter End Notes

At the rate I'm going today, I could get done with this thing by the end of the day (though probably not, cause the parties just getting started ;).) lol xD.

In my head I sound like Katniss after Peeta strangled her...I hate being sick x(.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> WARNING!!: From this chapter on, things are gonna get very saucy ;) <3<3. *I need to be stopped* xD.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As it turns out, the Graham woman is even more annoying while pregnant. Every time Hannibal has a free moment at home, she comes in to bother him. Hannibal avoids it the best he can, but he couldn't avoid all of it, so he'd give in.

Anytime he touches the Graham woman sexually, or non-sexually, he replaces her with Will. It's the only thing that keeps him sane when he remembers he's married to her. When he's inside her, he pictures being inside Will. He blocks her moans, and pictured what could be Will's.

He head a few times where he was almost too far gone in his fantasies that he almost said Will's name. That would be the end of everything. Just like that. But Will's names never slipped from his lips during those times.

•••

One night after a particularly long day, Hannibal couldn't wait to see Will again. When he snuck into his room, he stopped when he realized Will wasn't there. He checked his bathroom, the walk-in closet, but Will wasn't there.

He left the room, ready to check downstairs when he saw the light in his office on. Hannibal had been in his office hours earlier, but hasn't been in there since then. Taking slow steps, Hannibal reached out and turned the door knob. What waited for him inside is a sight no mortal man is worthy of.

Items were scattered on the floor, pushed off of the desk where Will was writhing on right before his eyes. Wearing only black thigh high socks and one of Hannibal's white dress shirts left undone, Will's back arched off of the table while he moaned like a whore. Hannibal's eyes drank in every inch of pale naked skin, all the way down to the beautiful hard cock on display between his spread legs.

But Will wasn't touching himself. His hands were nowhere near his cock, as if some unseen force was taking over him. Lifting his head, Will looked right at him. In his eyes Hannibal saw the sweet, innocent boy at the gas station, now shameless and debauched. Hannibal wanted to weep. Will smiled, bottom lip catching between his teeth and beckoned to him. And how could Hannibal refuse?

•••

When Hannibal opened his eyes, he realized it was all a dream, and the Graham woman lying next to him. With her back facing to him, she shifted, bottom brushing against his fully hard cock.

“Mmm. Is that for me?”

No. “Yes. Sorry, I-”

“No sorry needed. Just be quick, I gotta get ready.”

•••

Hannibal was trying to read the newspaper, he really was. But was hard to do so while his stepson was lying on the couch across from him, noisily sucking on a popsicle. A cherry one that tinted his already distracting lips, red.

Pulling off of his frozen treat with a ‘pop’ the teen asked “So what’s wrong with the world now?” Gesturing to the paper.

The older man said “Lots of things.” Before peering up at him through his lashes. “I don’t think your mother would approve of you eating that on the couch.”

“Well, my mother can get over it.” Will made eye contact with the older man before licking some juice that ran down his finger. This boy will be the death of him. “But if this is bothering you, I’ll stop.”

Hannibal tightened his grip on the paper but said “Can you finish that in the kitchen, please?”

“No problem.” He gracefully rose from the couch and Hannibal watched as he walked out of the room, noting that he was wearing a pair of his tighter cutoffs.

•••

Hannibal was still reading the paper before Will snatched it from his hands. Will sighed and asked “Do you wanna do anything? I’m bored. Hey, I know! Let’s watch Game of Thrones!”

“Game of Thrones?”

“Yeah, have you heard of it? I wanna know what all the hype’s about. Mother tried to watch it once but said it’s just trash.”

Hannibal stood up and snatched the paper back. “Then she might be right about it.” He folded the paper and said “I don’t think it would be good for you, Will.”

Will rolled his eyes and said “I’m not five! And I’ve seen enough trash already, what harm could this possibly do? Plus, she won’t be back for hours, it’ll be our little secret.”

•••

After the first three episodes, Will chuckled and said “I guess I can see why she thinks it’s trash. Maybe she’s just jealous of how pretty a lot of the girls are, but I like it. What do you think?”

Hannibal blinked and said “Well...I’ve seen worse.” Then he turned to Will and smiled. “But we can keep going.”

Will smiled and when Hannibal pressed play on the next episode, the teen asked “Hey, is it okay if I put my feet in your lap? I want some room to stretch.”

Without looking, Hannibal nodded and the teens feet were now in his lap. For awhile they did nothing but watch the episode. That is until Will shifted his foot, his heel nudging against the older man’s inner thigh. It could’ve been an accident. But then the heel searched for a moment before it touched his crotch. Hannibal froze.

Glancing over he saw Will’s eyes fixed on the show, the picture of innocence. Slowly he started dragging his foot back and forth against him, and Hannibal struggled to hold his breath. When the older man had had enough, he grabbed the foot and stopped it, causing Will to gasp. Suddenly the little devil disappeared, and Hannibal could only describe the look on his face as that of a rabbit surrounded by wolves.

With a small smile, Hannibal gently stroked the side of his foot with his thumb before saying “Watch the show, Will.” The teen obeyed, and they both turned their attention back to the show. After a minute Hannibal started massaging the foot, holding it steady when Will squirmed.

One hand held his bony ankle while the other moved up to massage the calf. Will kept his eyes on the TV, but Hannibal knew his touch was affecting him. When a finger brushed against the back of his knee, Will sighed and swallowed.

Hannibal continued to brush his fingers along that spot, using the other hand to massage his calf. Lifting his leg up, he went to kiss it when Will suddenly jerked out of his hold, now straddling the older man. At first he was in shock but it was gone as soon as Will pulled him in for a hard kiss.

Clearly he was inexperienced, but Hannibal found it so endearing. And the idea of being the one to teach his beautiful boy everything, made him moan against Will’s lips. Hannibal took one hand off of his hip and his fingers found their way into Will’s curls. Just as Hannibal pulled back to move his lips down his neck, they heard keys jingling and the lock turning.

Will scrambled off the older man’s lap and put as much distance between them as he could. They shared a quick look before turning back to the show.

The Graham woman said “I’m home! We finished up early.” She came into the living room and dumped her stuff on one of the chairs before looking at the TV. “Ugh, you guys are watching that? Put something better on.”

Chapter End Notes

For all the GoT fans out there, I actually love GoT, but I understand why a lot of people think it’s trash xD <3<3<3.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Despite the very little time they had to recompose themselves, she didn't suspect a thing. There was some awkwardness during dinner, but nothing else. After the dishes were done, Will went straight to his room and didn't come out again.

When Hannibal came to see him later, he turned the knob but found that the door was locked. And there wasn't another way into his room, so older man went to bed thinking he messed everything up.

•••

Hannibal's fears continued to grow when Will didn't talk to him, or show up to two of his appointments. On the outside, Hannibal was the picture of composure and control, but on the inside, he was screaming.

•••

On another day where Will was scheduled to come, Hannibal assumed he wouldn't. He halfheartedly listened to his patients go on, and when Franklyn's time was up, he opened the door to find Will standing there.

Inside the older man could breathe again, and he smiled. "Hello, Will. Come in."

Will came in and Hannibal closed the door behind them. "You missed our last two appointments."

"Yeah, sorry about that." The teen glanced over at the older man and said "I had other things on my mind."

Hannibal nodded and Will sat down. They didn't say anything for a few minutes until Will spoke up. "I'd like to talk about what happened the other day..."

Bracing himself, the doctor nodded. "Alright. Would you like to start or do you want me to?"

Will thought for a minute before saying "You go." And Hannibal sighed.

"You kissed me."

"You kissed me back."

"I started it."

Will chuckled. "Technically, I started it. Well yesterday, that is. And you could've pushed me off, but...You didn't. Either way if anyone were to find out, it won't be me who's fucked. The

age of consent in Maryland is sixteen."

"So it is."

"And I'm not sixteen. There's a way around it, thought. But the other person has to be at least two or three years older. And no offense, but you're way past that."

Hannibal smiled. "I'm well aware." And it was Will's turn to smile.

"So what we did would be statutory rape, even if I wanted you to."

"I know. And did you want me to?"

A lovely pink appeared on Will's cheeks and the doctor chuckled. *You're so beautiful.* The teen looked down at his hands and swallowed. "You know I did. But I felt so guilty, I ran and hid. I mean, you're the only real parent I've ever had. I can hardly remember my dad, but he's gone. So a great part of me sees you as my own father, but it just makes me feel so much worse."

His voice broke and he looked away towards the window. After a minute he said "But to prove just how fucked up I am...Even though I'm starting to see you as my own father, it excited me. Me kissing you, you touching me, kissing me. When she almost caught us. And part of me wanted her to catch us, I didn't care...Am I a horrible person for that?"

How sweet. The rabbit asks the wolf if he's a horrible person. Hannibal shook his head. "You're asking the wrong person, *Mylimasis."*

Will chuckled and asked "So you're proud to admit that you're a dirty old man? And that you're sick enough to want your wife's kid?"

"Perhaps I am. But it will never happen again, I promise you. And your mother will never have to know."

He watched as the teen studied him before standing up. Will slowly made his way to his desk and ran his fingers along the top. "Maybe I should tell her." barely glancing over his shoulder. "I can already picture the look on her face. When I'll tell her that her perfect doctor husband is really a pedophile."

Hannibal stood up from his chair and straitened his jacket. "You are too old for me to be labeled a pedophile, Will. Ephebophile is the word you are looking for."

Will looked back and smiled. "Oh right. My bad."

The doctor clenched his jaw and walked up to him, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Do you really wish to tell her, Will?"

The teen shook his head. "No. Why, will you hurt me if I do?"

Hannibal sighed and said "Never. Never, *Mylimasis*, never." The older man pressed himself closer to him and kissed the back of his neck.

Will closed his eyes and smiled. “Then I won’t tell her. B-But I have some conditions first.”

“Which are?”

The teen sighed as Hannibal slowly massages his shoulders. “First. Don’t ever tell me it will never happen again. And promise me that I am and always will be the only one.” Will turned a little to face him and asked “And if you break either of those, I’ll tell her, or anyone else. Am I clear?”

Hannibal smiled and used to thumb to stroke Will’s bottom lip. Replacing his thumb with his lips, he kissed Will once and said “Yes, Sir.” before kissing him again.

•••

Sitting down was torture for Will after they left the office, but he managed to keep a straight face around his mother. Thankfully, she wasn’t there when they got home, so they both took separate showers and Hannibal took care of the laundry.

He quickly came up with an excuse if the Graham woman were to ask him, he’s learned to be a good liar. Hannibal told Will what to say if she asks and hopes he’ll be just as convincing.

•••

The Graham woman has been home for hours now, and she still suspects nothing. Good. He wanted to slip his wife something to make her go to sleep, but realized it could hurt the baby. So as usual, he waited until she went to sleep before heading to Will’s room.

When he walked in, Will was awake. The teen was lying on his stomach on his bed, reading a book. His beautiful boy looked up and smiled before saving a place in his book. The older man came over and sank to his knees by the bed, one hand coming up to pet Will’s curls.

In a whisper, Hannibal asked “How are you feeling?”

“Still sore. But I took something earlier, I’ll be fine.”

Hannibal nodded and Will asked “Did you want to-”

“No. No, we’ve done enough today. You need to rest.”

The teen nodded and leaned in for a kiss. They kissed for a minute before Will pulled back and smiled. “What does it mean?”

“Hmm?”

“*Mylimasis*. What does it mean?”

The older man smiled and said “Someday I will tell you. But for now, you need to rest.” He kissed him again and then kissed his curls before standing up. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

•••

Romilda noticed something different about Will and Hannibal. But she just shrugged it off. They're bonding, they're getting used to each other, it's no big deal. It just seemed odd to her because he's never opened up to anyone so fast.

Every boyfriend she's had since his dad died, he didn't want anything to do with them. They'd fight like cats and dogs about it all the time, just as they did with everything else, but now that's changed. Will's changing all because of Hannibal, and she thanks God for sending them one hell of a doctor.

Chapter End Notes

In other news: I'm still going to Hell xD. Also, I had like a small thing of doubt after posting the first chapter I've done today, like I was afraid I messed up but I think I'm feeling better about it now, and hopefully I don't feel the same Doubt for the second one done today. Also also, I feel like I've been reincarnated as a dirty rag, I feel like crap x(. That's all for today, sorry guys <3<3.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> Ugh this took forever to do, I was hoping to get two chapters in today, but oh well. Sorry guys :(. This is the longest chapter I think, and there's definitely sex in it.

Hannibal kept dreaming of their first time ever since. After laying his boy down on his desk, his mind suddenly went back to the dream of Will in his home office. He was half hard when they first started but remembering it quickly changed that.

After unbuttoning Will's dress shirt, the older man sighed before moving onto his khakis. "You are exquisite." He kneeled between Will's spread legs and kissed his inner thigh. "A masterpiece. I would love to draw you. Would you let me draw you sometime, *Mylimasis?*"

Will nodded and smiled. "Yeah. That sounds fun. How are you gonna hide them from my mother?"

"I'll draw them here and keep them here. I know exactly where to put them, she'll never know."

The older man groaned at the sight of him and said "I actually had a dream about you like this once. You were in my office at home." Will moaned and pulled the older man down for a kiss. Hannibal kissed him once, twice, and pulled away. "Except this wasn't there." running his fingers along his tie.

Then dragging one finger down Will's stomach, Hannibal said "And instead of this shirt, you were wearing one of mine." He then moved his hands down to Will's socks before dragging them up his thighs. "And you had socks that stopped up to here. Lift your hips my beautiful boy." Will did as he was told and Hannibal pulled his underwear off. "And these were off when I found you." holding them up with one finger before dropping them. "You should be worshipped. Let me worship you."

•••

At their next appointment, they spent most of the time just making out on Hannibal's chair. Will sat sideways in the doctors lap and when he pulled back, Hannibal smiled. "This isn't exactly what I was expecting when you came in today."

Will chuckled and asked "Oh yeah? Would you like me to stop?"

"No." Hannibal pulled him right back in and kissed him harder. Suddenly Hannibal's phone rang in his pocket and Will groaned. "Patience, *Mylimasis*." The older man pulled it out and groaned when he saw it was the Graham woman.

Hannibal put a finger to his lips before answering it. “Hello darling.”

“Hey honey, just thought I’d let you know I’m on my way home now. I stopped and picked up some dinner, is that okay?”

“Yes, of course. What are we having?”

Will smiled and leaned down to kiss his neck. Hannibal put a hand to the teens chest, but only made half-hearted attempts at pushing him away. Will pulled away only to sink down to his knees in front of him. The older man shook his head as the teen spread his legs, but he made no move to stop him.

“Hannibal? Hannibal, are you even listening to me?”

Clearing his throat, the doctor turned his attention back to her while Will palmed him through his pants. “Forgive me my darling, my mind went elsewhere. What were you saying?”

The little devil looked up at him and smiled before undoing his belt. “Is Will there with you?”

“Yes he is, he’s just using the restroom right now.”

Hannibal took a deep breath as Will pulled his cock out and gave him a few slow strokes. The doctor signaled him to wait a moment, but his boy wasn’t having it. Leaning forward, Will hesitated before kissing along the side and taking the head into his hot, wet mouth.

The older man continued to listen to his wife the best he could while Will tried to suck him off. Experienced or not, seeing his cock in Will’s mouth was more beautiful than any opera.

Hannibal cut off the Graham woman by saying “Forgive me honey, but I have to go now, Will’s back. We’ll be home soon.”

“Oh okay, well don’t take to long. Love you.”

“I love you too. Bye.”

As soon as he hung up, he tangled his fingers in Will’s curls and pulled him off. Will smiled and Hannibal shook his head. “You’re a little devil, you know that?”

“I know. But you love it.”

“I do. Have you ever even done this before?”

Will shook his head. “No, but it’s not rocket science. So what did she have to say?”

“Well, I told your mother that we’d be home soon, and she told us not to take too long. So unfortunately, we are going to have to make this fast, Mylimasis, just don’t hurt yourself. Don’t want her to get suspicious now, do we?”

His boy shook his head before taking him back into his mouth, taking a little more than before. The doctor sighed and leaned back against the seat, keeping his hand in his hair to

guide him.

•••

Later that night they sat down to watch a movie together. Ironically enough it was *Temptation: Confessions of A Marriage Counselor.* The Graham woman had rented it after a friend of hers recommended it, and it was alright so far.

About halfway through it, she paused it to go to the bathroom. While she was gone, Will pulled out his phone and sent him a number of texts.

My throat hurts, Daddy. But it feels good.

Did I make you feel good, Daddy?

This movie is making me horny again.

I want you.

Hannibal shot him a quick glance before responding.

You did, my little demon. Now you must be a good boy for Daddy, Mylimasis. You will have me again soon enough.

He waited and smiled when he Will blushed, quickly deleting the texts before she came back.

•••

Though the dogs miss their big backyard, they do the best they can with their smaller one. At least they have a pool here. Mother would complain when about the dogs if they go in the pool, but Hannibal would reassure her. Will is grateful for that.

Today the dog walker came to treat them to a fun day in the dog park, and Will decided to take a swim. He swam for an hour and stayed outside while drying off. He could use a little sun. When he went back inside, he grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge before heading upstairs.

After he showered he was going to go back downstairs to watch some TV, but when he came out of his room in shorts and a Metallica shirt, he stopped. And before he could stop himself, he headed to Hannibal's room.

His feet took him straight to the closet they shared, and he ran his hand along Hannibal's side. Remembering when the older man told him about that dream he had, where Will was in his office, he quickly found a white dress shirt. Will smiled as he ran his hand up and down the sleeve, admiring the soft fabric. He even brought it up to his nose and inhaled, closing his eyes. It smelled like him.

Pulling out his phone, he saw one text from his mom saying she'll be working late tonight, and another from Hannibal.

Your mother is going to be working late tonight, but I'm on my way home right now. See you soon, Mylimasis. I love you.

Will grinned and sent his reply before turning his attention back to the shirt. Then an idea popped into his head. Leaving the closet for a moment he dared to look through some of his mother's drawers, cringing the whole time before he came across a pair of thigh highs she has.

•••

Hannibal grumbled to himself about the traffic and as soon as he pulled into the driveway, his phone dinged, alerting him that he got a new text from Will.

Go in your office ;).

Hannibal raised an eyebrow but smiled. Grabbing everything he quickly went inside and up the stairs to his office. When he opened the door, Will was sitting cross legged on his desk, in one of his shirts, Black boxers, and a pair of his mother's thigh highs. The little devil smiled and said "Hi Daddy. What do you think?"

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Graham woman is almost six months along now. She's been so distracted by the baby, she barely pays any attention to them anymore, which is a blessing. In that time, Hannibal has had more sex than he's ever had in his life. With his age, his libido amazes him.

They've had sex numerous times in Hannibal's home and work office, in every room of the house, in Hannibal's own bed. And numerous quickies while his mother was home. He's done numerous drawings of Will, normal and erotic. Hannibal's never been happier.

One night when he went to visit Will in his room, Will was doing homework. The older man came up behind him and placed his hands on his shoulders. Hannibal massaged them before leaning down. He kissed the top of Will's head and then his neck before saying "You'll be sixteen in ten days, *Mylimasis.* Are you excited?"

Will smiled and shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. It's no big deal."

"No, no, my love. It is a big deal. A new year of your life. Would I be throwing such a wonderful party for you if it was no big deal? It's year closer to your freedom, Will. Our freedom. After you turn eighteen, you will never have to see your mother again. I will leave her and it will be just the three of us. You, me, and your half sister. She will never see it coming. Would you like that, *Mylimasis?* The idea of a real life with me?"

The teen stopped writing and asked "You say *'idea'* as if it will never happen."

Hannibal smiled. "There is always the chance of getting caught. I'm surprised we've made it this far, and I hope we can make it until then. I will take you wherever you want to go, one place and other places, you just say the word and it will be done."

The older man stroked his cheek and Will turned his head toward him. He smiled and said "That sounds nice...But it seems so far away."

"I know, *Mylimasis*, I know. But it will be worth it, I promise you. Only the best for you and your half sister. How much do you have left to do?" Gesturing to his homework.

"Almost finished. Why?"

"I just want to make sure you have time to rest. Even students at the top of their class need time to rest." His fingers found their way to Will's hair, cut some time ago, but still has curls.

"I'm still not used to this haircut. Your curls were very distracting and still are."

Will smiled and said "We all need change sometimes, *Doctor Lecter.*"

Hannibal wanted to bend him over his desk and spank him for the formality. But he simply smiled and said “Yes. Change is good. Goodnight, don’t stay up too late.” He leaned down and kissed Will’s lips before adding “I love you.”

“I love you too. Goodnight.”

•••

The party will be small, but extravagant nonetheless. Hannibal will be toiling in the kitchen, making all the food himself, ignoring the Graham woman’s request to hire catering. Hannibal Lecter isn’t a big fan of catering but isn’t public about it. It will be Will’s night and he will work his fingers to the bone for him. He took control of every last detail for planning the party and can’t wait to see the final result.

One day while the older man cuddled him after sex, Will told him “You don’t have to make it a huge deal. A party is a party, I’d be happy even if everyone is forced to wear those stupid party hats.”

The older man smiled and asked “Was that normal with your birthday parties, *Mylimasis?*”

Will stared at him for a moment before looking down. “I’ve never had a birthday party...My mother would always be too busy, or that we couldn’t afford it, or at least that’s what she claimed. No party hats, no cake, not even the smallest of a party. She’d give me gifts, yes, but usually after my birthday. I’d spend my birthday either at school, alone, or with people other than my mother.”

Hannibal could feel rage stirring inside him, but nodded. “I will give you a party to remember, *Mylimasis.* You deserve it.”

He kissed Will’s temple, and the teen sighed. “Just don’t go overboard with gifts or anything like that, everyone will definitely be suspicious then.”

“Hmm. Time to return that Mercedes G-Class then. I can imagine the man at the dealership will be very disappointed.”

Will quickly sat up and asked “You didn’t really get one of those, did you?”

The older man chuckled and shook his head. “No, my love. Not yet, anyway. I have taken great care with your gifts. Though most would think the party is a little much for a sixteen-year-old, well...It could be like that V show. Perhaps they’ll just think it’s one of those parties, except with more adults than teenagers. Come here.”

He pulled his boy closer and kissed his forehead. “Everything will be perfect, I promise you. You deserve love, happiness, and you deserve to be showered with gifts. And I will happily provide that for you. So long as you are in my life, I will give you everything and then some more.”

•••

Hannibal scanned the room of impeccably dressed guests and smiled. Perfection. Sadly, despite all of Will's best efforts, he still only had a very small number of friends. But no matter, Hannibal invited them and their parents, and it was never his intention to pack the place. However, he still intends to make tonight memorable.

The older man spotted Will talking to his friends, laughing at something Alana said, and his heart warmed. Then he looked over and spotted the Graham woman, away to her friends from work with one hand on her growing stomach.

•••

One of Romilda's friends looked around and said "He sure knows how to throw a party. All this for a sixteen-year-old. I was expecting a *My Super Sweet 16* kinda thing, not the Met Gala."

Romilda chuckled and said "I know, so was I. He wouldn't let me do a thing. He took care of all the planning, made all the food, he did everything all by himself. Makes me wonder what he'll do for my birthday."

They giggled, and another friend said "Will must be a hell of a kid for him to do all this. Maybe with the baby on the way, he's just really excited to finally be a dad."

Romilda nodded. "Maybe...I don't know, sometimes it doesn't feel like he's excited about it...Sometimes it feels like he doesn't feel anything. I don't know, maybe I'm just going crazy."

"It be stress from work or something, and he just knows how to hide it well. I don't know how he could do it, dealing with nothing but wackos every day."

•••

When the party was at full swing, Hannibal called for everyone's attention and said "First off, I would like to thank everyone for coming here tonight to celebrate Will's birthday. And I promise I will make this quick." He looked right at Will and smiled, and Will smiled back.

"William. You are an exceptional young man, and I am honored to have you in my life. I never expected to be where I am today without you and your mother, and I am grateful every day for meeting you both. As I am honored and thrilled to soon welcome this brand new life, who grows and changes with every breath we take, into this world." He raised his glass and everyone followed. "Here's to you, my son and my friend." *Mylimasis* "Happy birthday, Will Graham."

Chapter End Notes

So yay, I managed to do another chapter!! :D <3<3. Goodnight <3<3.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

While the Graham woman slept beside him, Hannibal was reading. He left his phone on his stomach and when it vibrated; he saved his place and put the book down. He got a text from Will.

Come downstairs.

Hannibal looked over at his sleeping wife before setting his book on the nightstand. Carefully pulling the covers off, he got out of bed and crept downstairs.

•••

Romilda groaned and carefully sat up. This is the eighth time she's gone pee today, and she's sick of it. She realized Hannibal wasn't in the room. Thinking he just went downstairs for a glass of water or something, she shrugged it off and went into their bathroom.

When she got back to bed, Hannibal was still gone. Still thinking nothing of it, she got back into bed and tried to go back to sleep. Twenty minutes had passed, and he still wasn't back. What's taking him so long? Getting out of bed she made her way towards the stairs. She almost reached the bottom when she looked into the living room and stopped.

Hannibal was sitting on the couch while Will was riding him. She watched as her son wrapped his arms around Hannibal's neck for dear life, while the older man buried his face in Will's neck. Clearly this isn't the first time they've done this. And what's worse is they're not just fucking, they were making love.

Romilda stood frozen while her husband shifted their positions, laying Will down on his back, wrapping his legs around his hips. The older man stopped and looked down at him, and she could feel her stomach turn when she saw the way he looked down at him. Like he's the only person in the world. Never once has he looked at her like that, and now she knows why.

She should run in and yell at them. She wanted to hit Hannibal, scream to the world that her husband is a sick fuck, and that her son is a dirty little whore. But since they didn't seem to see her, she just swallowed and quietly went back upstairs.

•••

Since Will doesn't have an appointment with Hannibal today, he went the library with Alana after school before going home. When he unlocked the door, he expected to hear barking or be attacked by doggies, but they didn't come. Maybe the dog walker came. He went straight upstairs to change and as soon as walked out of his room; the knife came right at his head.

•••

The house was dark when Hannibal got home, which was strange. They should both be home right now. A strange feeling settled in Hannibal's stomach and when he got inside and turned on the lights, his blood ran cold.

The living room was trashed. The TV was smashed; the bookshelf was knocked down. Books and glass were everywhere, and he could smell blood. That's when he found a blood trail. He followed it into the kitchen where *Mylimasis* was lying in a pool of blood, breathing heavily.

Hannibal quickly got down on his knees next to him and looked at him. He had been stabbed multiple times, the worst wounds being in his stomach. He has one broken leg, defensive wounds everywhere, and he's lost a lot of blood. It's amazing he's still alive. Though Hannibal hasn't been a surgeon for years, he could tell Will's chances of survival aren't great. But he can't think about that now.

"Will? Will, Hey. It's me, wake up." He gathered his wounded boy in his arms and Will cracked his eyes open. Hannibal smiled and said "Hey, there you are."

"Hannibal?"

"Yes, it's me, *Mylimasis.* Daddy's here. What happened to you?"

Will groaned and said "I tried for help....Mom, she surprised me."

Hannibal's heart sank. She must have caught them. "Oh, my love, she did this to you?"

"Yeah, just...Just get out, she could still be here."

The older man shook his head and said "No, no, I'm not leaving you-" but was cut off when something hit his back. Accidentally dropping Will, Hannibal struggled for a moment, before looking up. The Graham woman was coming at him again, swinging at him with the baseball bat she keeps beside the bed. He got up and managed to dodge every swing, even when he slipped on Will's blood.

"Romilda, what have you done?!"

"What I should've done a long time ago! Did you really think I would never find out about you and your little whore?!"

Getting back to his feet, he said "He's your son!"

He dodged another swing, and she grunted. "He's no son of mine. I should've killed him while he was inside me. It all makes sense now. I was too stupid to see what was really going on here, but-" then she stopped and chuckled. "What am I doing? I'm clearly just wasting my time, I've got nothing more to say to you, hold still!"

He kept backing up as she swung at him, getting him a couple of times before she stopped. Crying out, she dropped the bat and put both hands on her stomach. Hannibal knew this was his only chance.

Lunging at her, he wrapped his hands around her throat and squeezed. She gasped and grabbed at his hands, nails dragging painfully down his skin. He didn't feel it. He forced her back against the wall, her head smashed into a picture frame and he squeezed tighter. She tried kicking him when it hurts, but he never let up. Staring into his eyes, all she could see was pure hatred.

Even with his daughter still inside her, Hannibal didn't let it get to him. He knew he couldn't let her go after this. That's when he realized they still hadn't decided on a name for their daughter. His eyes fell to her stomach, a name popped into his head and a tear rolled down his cheek. "I'm sorry Abigail." and kept squeezing until she went limp. Hannibal still kept squeezing for a few minutes until he finally let go and looked back at Will. He wasn't moving.

He quickly got back to him, Will's eyes were open and Hannibal checked for a pulse. *No.* The older man tried to shake him awake. "Will? Hey, hey, come on Will, wake up. Wake up, *Mylimasis,* please wake up." Dead eyes stared into his as he gathered his boy back into his arms, his tears blinding him.

Petting Will's curls, he said "It was going to be just us...I was going to tell you what it meant..." The doctor placed one hand on the back of Will's head and hugged the teen closer, burying his face into his neck before. He held his sweet boy in his arms and cried until the cops came.

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Hannibal had nothing left after that. He said almost nothing the whole time during his trial and didn't fight them when he was given his sentence. He didn't say anything at all after that and just cooperated.

The doctor didn't flinch when they put him on the bus with the other fresh meat, didn't blink when the other prisoners hollered disgusting promises at him, or when he was put in with his new cellmate. When his cell mate came to him later that night, he didn't fight him, didn't scream, didn't plead, nothing. He didn't care anymore.

Hannibal Lecter wonders how his life would have turned out if he wasn't what he was. He knows he definitely wouldn't be in here. And he also knows that if he wasn't what he was and hadn't been invited to speak at that psychology conference in New Orleans, *Mylimasis* would still be alive.

Chapter End Notes

In 61 days I'm going to be 22....Yet I look like a 15 year old xD. This year has gone by waaaayyyy too fast.

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